

SELWYN HOUSE N·E·X·U·S

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1992

The new sports season started Monday. Enjoy the new term!!

Joke of the month:

Who rules the fish mafia?

The Godfather

Word of the month:

Guyot:

A flat-topped seamount

SPORTS

The midget soccer team takes first in its division and goes on to play-offs!!

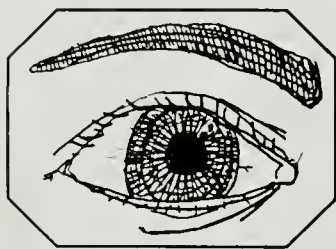
MUSIC

Liam Maloney and David Hynes write great articles about music.

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ART

Look for lots of super art in this issue by Shawn Bonny



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Dan's Not a Bozoe (or) You say Potato, I Say Potatoe

Ask any American to tell you something about their Vice President and they're likely to mention Murphy Brown, extra 'E's, or "he's no John Kennedy." The issues that have plagued Dan Quayle through his vice-presidency have most often been the most insipid trivialities—a slip of the tongue at a press conference, a misprinted flash card, or his goofy grin.

In 1988, Quayle was Bush's main hindrance. The democrats and the liberal press, realizing that Bush's record was relatively clean, decided that the only way they could hurt his chances at the presidency was by attacking his V.P. They dug up all the dirt they could find, openly ridiculed him when he gave speeches, and, in essence, turned a well-respected senator into a joke of a Vice President. Now it is 1992, and today is election day. Most polls predict a large victory for Clinton, who will be first democrat to be elected to the presidency in twelve years. But Quayle is looking forward... to '96.

Quayle's support in the Republican party lies mainly with the more conservative, right-wing members. In fact, many of them were ready to endorse him over Bush, had he not been chosen for VP, and a rivalry began. He strengthened their faith in him when he faced Al Gore in the vice-presidential debate. While Bush was trying to remain presidential, Quayle went all out, attacking Clinton on every issue he could, including the character issue. He also had an easy



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Out of the Woodwork

I cannot give advice on how to get rich or stay rich, but clearly this goal is shared by many students at the school. I asked my Grade 7 classes to picture themselves fifteen years from now: almost invariably they owned sporty cars, were leaders (at age 28) in a number of areas (often after an injury cut short a promising pro football career), had attractive wives or girlfriends, owned homes or condos, and so on. That they should have an unrealistic view of what they can do in such a short time is normal for people their age; unfortunately, their materialism is also commonplace, and has no comparable shelf life. The adolescent ambition to have it all extends well into middle and old age.

Enter Stephen Jarislowsky, a walking, talking multi-millionaire with plenty of free advice and opinion to feed some dreams. At Senior Prizegiving last June he liberally shared with the graduating class of '92, their parents, and the rest of us his view of what the future holds, of how pathetic many of us are, and of how to get ahead. For example, did you know that by putting aside \$10 000 every year after graduation, a student can in a short time have a tidy bundle? Just how to earn and save that money was not made clear, but like any good insurance salesman, he dangled the nest egg, a vision so attractive to all of us who fervently believe in

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Personality

There are three types of people on this planet: the conceited, the modest, and the stupid. Although most are in between the three extremes, there are a few who are radically conceited, fanatically modest, and utterly stupid. The average reader, in reading these last two sentences, will probably identify himself with the modest side rather than the conceited or stupid, just because of the negative connotation associated with the latter two. The problem is that the more people think they are modest, the more they are conceited, making them not average after all. So where did we go wrong? Don't ask me; I am not Sigmund Freud.

The modest know that they are modest but do not admit it, so when asked, would give a reply of uncertainty. The conceited would promptly say they are modest, and the stupid will say they are conceited. So the ultimate question is, what really determines whether one is conceited, modest, or stupid? It is entirely dependent on the way he or she is brought up. Studies have shown through patterns that there is a certain connection between being spoiled and being modest – a completely inverse relationship. Usually, the modest do not take things for granted, and the spoiled, except under unusual circumstances, are conceited.

At this point, one might ask to clarify the difference between spoiled and not spoiled. Although there seems to be a well defined difference between the two, there is actually only a very fine line. A spoiled individual does not only receive everything or almost everything he or she wants. There are two parts to being spoiled. A spoiled person receives extravagant gifts out of the blue, but does not appreciate them as someone who does not take things for granted would. For example, if someone has a passion for a certain sport, for example cycling, he or she will soon encounter the problem of having to spend quite a bit of money on parts and such. The dedicated but not spoiled athlete will be happy with what he or she has and would probably have to earn the money to upgrade his or her bicycle. The spoiled one will probably get a thousand dollar bike from his parents and not even use it to its full potential. Also, the spoiled will think of himself as a superior being because of his possessions and would regard what the unspoiled says as unimportant. As absurd as this situation might seem, it is a very common one. Notice that it shows the affiliation between being spoiled and being conceited.

Conceit is a consequence of being spoiled, but it is also a defense against a feeling of inferiority. In a school, for example, if a student is unpopular or not

accepted for any reason, he will obviously feel hurt and uncomfortable. For a reason that I shall not examine this time, this is often the case with the school nerd. As a defense, he will advertise his superior marks in an effort to make others praise him, and increase his sense of security. Nevertheless, this does not help his case in the eyes of his peers. The best advice for the nerd, however harsh or offensive it may seem, would be to get a life.

We have seen that spoiled people are often conceited, as are people with inferiority complexes. There is another phenomenon, however, that seems to contradict the last two but actually confirms the same conclusion. Often, a spoiled person, especially in an environment or group where he is the most affluent, is not conceited as a result of being spoiled. Actually, he is, but only partially. By being spoiled and knowing it, he tries, out of shame, to invert roles and put himself down, therefore causing himself to feel inferior and insecure, which in turn obliges him to resort to conceit as a defense.

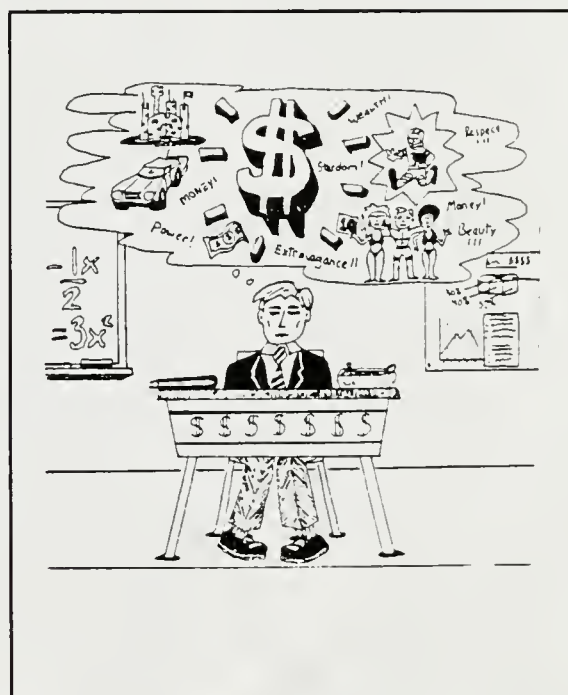
So if I've set you wondering whether or not you are conceited or modest, I have an answer. You are probably fairly modest. If I have absolutely convinced you that you are modest, think again. If you still can't tell the difference, no answer is required.

—Diogo Bustani

Nearly retirement, easy living, and the good life supported by the mutual funds he controls. We also must not follow the example of us and our forebears, who have simply clipped coupons while pursuing idle, middle-class careers like law, accountancy, or stockbroking (surely he was not speaking to anyone related to Selwyn House, much less himself). Unfortunately, his overall message boiled down to how to make money and gain influence, rather than how to change the world for the better. In asking us to lead an "ethical, high ground life," he implied that leadership, ethics, and fortune-making are easily compatible. He did not mention that his considerable personal fortune was built at a time when North America experienced a period of unprecedented growth, capped by the deregulated free-for-all of the 80's.

Ethical exemplars such as Michael Miliken or Ivan Boeskey aside, after whom are we meant to pattern our lives, then? Jesus ate bread, but didn't make it. Gandhi had power, but was shot. If our graduates are to "go out and measure [their] own true worth," as Mr. Jarislowsky urged, they had better learn to read a balance sheet rather than poetry or the Bible. My Grade 7 students and he both seem to know that. How about Wayne Gretzky? Now there's an idol for our times.

—Geoffrey Dowd





MUSIC

Music You Just Don't Hear

Matthew Sweet

Who? He played Club Soda September 14. He's released three albums. He is slowly but surely making a name for himself. His latest release, *Girlfriend*, has been playing on U.S. college radio for a few months now, and sales are picking up as more hear about him. It would seem that after all these years, he's going to make it. And deservedly so, for *Girlfriend* has to be one of the best new albums I have heard this year. It's pure sing-along-and-tap-your-feet music, the type of stuff that grabs you on the first listen. His melodic voice and great bass form the core of each song, and he's backed up by people like Lloyd Cole and assorted session guitarists.

The first song, *Divine Intervention*, is a cynical look at religion in general, a theme which carries in several songs. *Girlfriend*, the title track, has received airplay on CHOM recently and should have been made a top-twenty song. For those who like slow love songs, he delivers several. *Evangeline*, a great song about loving a holy woman, proved a big hit at the show. My favorite is *Holy War*, about the Gulf conflict. It had that same authenticity found in 60's protest songs, and I was instantly attracted to its hollow guitar and the simple but effective lyrics which conveyed a gung-ho soldierly sense of hopelessness and faithlessness. The over-all theme of the album dealt with

love and faith in the '90's, perhaps things Matthew Sweet is having trouble with himself. *Megadeath* fans might not appreciate the depth and quality of this album, but I do - give it a listen and you might become a fan.

Bob Wiseman

This is really digging deep into the barrel of weirdness. Bob, or Bobby, as he likes to be called, was *Blue Rodeo*'s fantastic keyboardist until he quit a few months back to go on his own full time. You may remember his classic solo in *Diamond Mine* - nobody can deny his talent as a keyboardist (he also plays

"Diary of a U.S. Crop Duster Spraying the Defoliant Tebuthiuron(Spike) on Coca Plantations in the Upper Huallaga Valley (Peru)"

guitar, mandolin, accordion and the organ). The differences of opinion occur when he sings. Depending on how you look at it, Bob Wiseman's voice is either wonderfully novel and catchy or atrocious.

Actually, he opened for Michelle Shocked at The Spectrum in early September and sold his own T-shirts and tapes at the exit. I have one. I know you're jealous.

His second album, presented by Lake Michigan Soda, is a set of twelve political songs with interesting lyrics and more interesting titles. The first, *"Diary of a U.S. Crop Duster Spraying the Defoliant Tebuthiuron (Spike) on Coca Plantations in the Upper Huallaga Valley (Peru)"* is fairly self explanatory. Yes, this album

does exist, non-believers. And yes, I've grown to love it, although, like many other things, it is an acquired taste. One of my favorites, the moving song *"Response of a Lakota Woman to FBI Intimidation Circa 1973, Pine Ridge"* deals with the rights of native peoples in the States. It has beautiful guitar work and tremendous vocals- and the message it gives is both sad and troubling. Another favorite, but much more upbeat, is called *"What the Astronaut Saw and Then Suggested"*, and is about world unity. A great, fun beat that leaves you grinning.

Those with an interest in classical music will almost certainly appreciate his rendition of Chopin's Etude #10 Opus 666, for piano forte and electric rake (as in, garden rake), featuring Robert Wiseman and the talented rake player Oigone Chadbourniski of the Budapest Philharmonic. I'll leave it to your imagination to find out what it is like.

Bob Wiseman is almost certainly one of Canada's most different performers and it would not be a surprise to see him come to the forefront of fringe music. Well recommended.

Ed's Note— Hello and welcome to Volume Seven of Nexus. As you can see, we've completely changed the way it looks. We'd appreciate some feedback and helpful hints as to how we can improve it. We'd also appreciate seeing your name at the bottom of an article in here. That's right! Tell us how you feel about something. Put your thoughts on paper. That's what Nexus is all about. A nexus is, after all, a cross section of differing ideas and opinions. We'd like to see this "nexus" in Nexus. Starting soon, we'll be running polls on school life and strange things that you probably never thought about before. But don't just be a number. Write an article. Enjoy!

—Liam Maloney

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The Metal Myth

Two years ago, whenever I saw someone listening to heavy metal music, I felt a deep resentment for that person and his music. In fact, I referred to them as "head bangers", a term frequently used by unbelievers to describe such people. Around this time last year, someone actually persuaded me to finally listen to some heavy metal with an open mind. The

result was a new, enlightened David Hynes, one of the few people who has a taste for heavy metal.

Many people still show the scorn that I once felt for heavy metal music, musicians, and fans alike. They justify this close-mindedness with statements like: "It's not music, it's just noise" or: "their lyrics are so dumb" and my personal favorite, "they're so ugly!"

Ugly they may be, but shallow they are not, musically or lyrically. Let us compare *Metallica* with the more popular Bryan Adams. The late Cliff Burton, bass-guitarist for *Metallica* once said in *Live to Die*:

When a man lies, he murders some part of the world these are the pale deaths which men miscall their lives.

As compared to Bryan Adams:
You're gonna ride your broom right into my room.

Kick off your shoes an' make yourself at home

Wave your little wand, weave your little spell

Make some magic, raise some hell!

Burton's words are poetry whereas Adams' are comparable to the mouthings of the illiterate Canadian teenie-bopper.

On the musical front, one can compare songs such as Megadeath's *Five Magics* or *Holy Wars* to classical



music. One can pick out chords and cadences much like those of Mozart or Handel. When compared to a pseudo-country singer, Tom Cochrane, whose song *Life is a Highway* begins with ten or fifteen staccato repetitions of the same note on a harmonica, Megadeath is the clear winner of the musical depth award.

I am willing to admit that bands like Nirvana and their memorable lyric, "...Nature is a whore..." and Pantese's album, *Vulgar Display of Power* have cast doubt into people's minds. Thankfully, these bands are the minority; the metal myth is nothing more than a fabrication of die-hard conservatives who just can't let go of Elvis.

—David Hynes

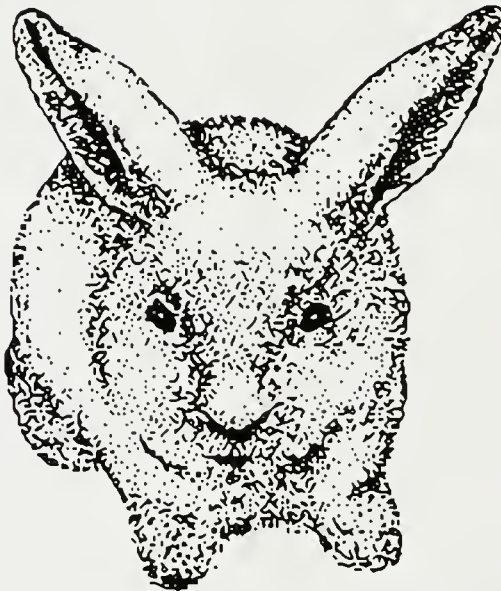
Animal Rights Activists

They demonstrate outside fur-coat stores; they attack calesh drivers with tear gas; they throw animal blood on people wearing fur coats and they parade on our streets waving dead mink and raccoon corpses. They are animal rights activists, and they're even worse than enviro-nazis.

A spin-off of the enviro-nazi crowd, animal rights activists are swiftly becoming an important special-interest group. Crusading champions of whales, mink, and spotted owls, this branch of the American left-wing is one of its most violent. In New York last summer, a militant group of masked animal rights activists attacked a calesh driver, subdued him with tear gas and kidnapped (or horse-napped) the horses. Their justification for this terrorist act: horses should not be slaves of human greed.

One of the most famous and controversial of the animal rights lobby's causes is the anti-fur issue. They feel so strongly about the rights of these rodents that in their demonstrations, they feel that it is necessary to harass passers-by who are wearing furs by yelling out "murderer" and "cat killer" and splashing animal blood on their fur coats. It is their claim that it is cruel to kill mink simply to make nice coats. They don't like to mention the fact that mink are farmed for precisely that purpose. Just as cows are farmed to make beef, mink are farmed to make coats. They also forget that these mink are killed in the most painful fashion, in order to preserve the pelt.

Another of the animal-rights activists' main worries is the treatment of animals in medical labs. They hold that animals should not be subjected to cruel treatment in these laboratories.



There have been cases in which labs have been bombed, animals stolen, and records burned. The truth is that we must make sure that the treatments we administer to humans are both safe and effective. The only reliable way to do this is to test these treatments on living subjects — animals. It would be both imprudent and dangerous to give any old chemical to a man who is suffering from some debilitating disease. Until science can

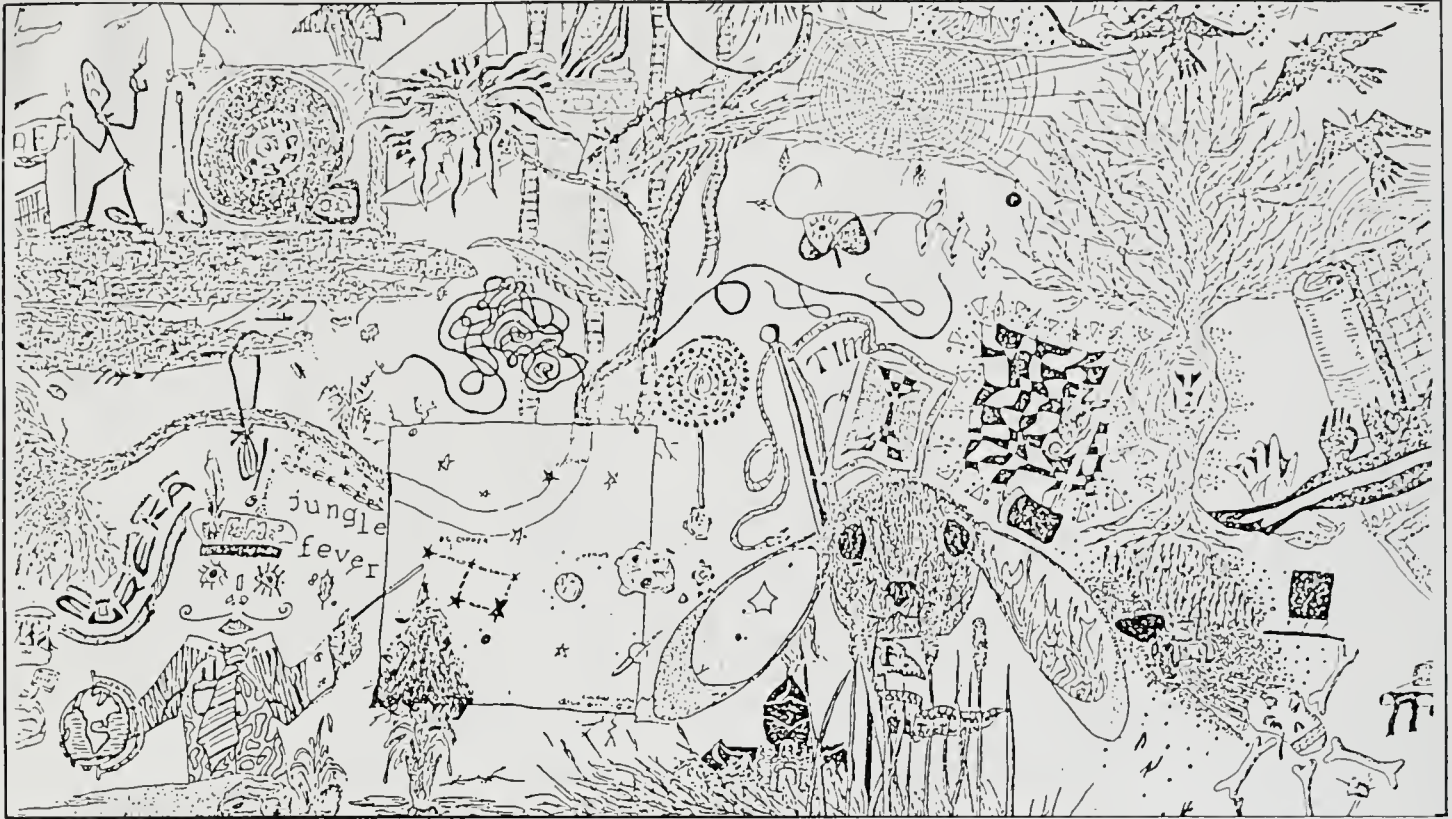
find more suitable subjects, animals should continue to remain in the labs. Can one justify the death of a cancer victim just to save a few rodents?

The most disturbing thing about the animal rights lobby is that they do, in fact, value animal life over human life. In Florida, where a mosquito was carrying a deadly strain of encephalitis, officials had decided to spray the area in which this mosquito lived with insecticide, thereby eliminating the problem and protecting the citizens of a nearby city. This plan was blocked by the animal rights lobby because the operation would inadvertently kill a small population of rare venomous snakes. These animal-rights activists were ready and perfectly willing to endanger the lives of hundreds of citizens for the sake of a poisonous snake.

Even the term "animal-rights" is bit of an oxymoron. In Canada, we are granted two kinds of rights—human rights and the rights set forth in the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Human rights, by definition, apply only to humans. The Charter gives all Canadian citizens certain legal rights. Nowhere in its text does it grant animals any rights whatsoever. To paraphrase the great Rush Limbaugh, animals have a place in our society. We treat them with kindness and respect. We do not, nor have we ever, given them rights.

—David Williams

ART



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time refuting Gore's points, and was, for the most part, declared the winner of the debate.

Most political analysts agree, the '96 ticket will include either Jack Kemp, Dan Quayle, or both. The question is, can Dan Quayle take on President Clinton, and win. In the debates and at the Republican convention in Houston, it was shown that Quayle was not the bumbling idiot he was thought to be. Everyone agreed that he was a fine speaker, if not a refined one. However, Dan Quayle's main dilemma in '96 will be his image. He is perceived to be a young, immature, president wanna-be with less than half his wits about him. If he can show that he is, in fact, an intelligent man with good programs and smart ideas, and if he can attack Clinton in '96 as aggressively as he has in '92, he has a realistic chance of becoming president.

— David Williams

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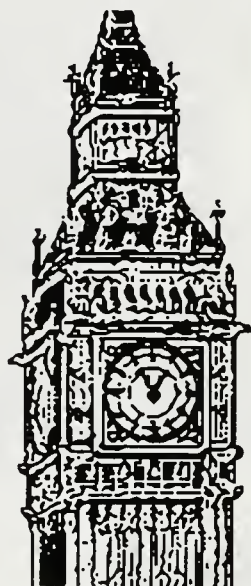
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THANKS TO OUR READERS

Special Christmas Issue

Coming Up...



THE CLOCK IS TICKING...

December 1, 1992

Holiday Theme

DEADLINE: November 22, 1992

***ALL ARTICLES MUST BE TYPED ON
DISK***